

DAILY COURIER

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See first column on first page for particulars as to advertising.

LOUISVILLE:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

THE Jeffersonville Railroad is the direct route between Louisville, St. Louis, Cairo, Kansas, Chicago, Springfield, Decatur and the principal cities in the West and Northwest.

Trains on this route form a close connection at Seymour with trains on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, St. Louis and the West, and Cincinnati and the East; also at Indianapolis with the different roads for all places East, West and North.

Only one change of cars between Louisville and St. Louis, Cincinnati or Chicago. Baggage checked to all the principal cities. For time and further particulars examine advertisement in another column of this paper.

Through tickets given to all the principal cities on the Missouri and Mississippi rivers; also to all the principal places in the East, West and North.

Office No. 507, southeast corner Main and Third streets, Louisville, Ky., where travelers can examine map and get further correct information.

OUR Reading Matter on every page.

Our Outside Pages.

On our outside pages will be found the usual amount of Saturday morning's miscellany, poetry, news matter, &c., &c.

OUR Weekly.

The Weekly Courier is issued this morning, and can be had at the clerk's desk at five cents per copy.

THE Lusatic.

The continuation of this deeply interesting and well written story will be found on our fourth page this morning. Don't fail to read it from the beginning.

THE News of the Morning.

Per ocean telegraph at noon yesterday, we received advices from London of the same day, and corresponding news from Russia. We have some particulars of the treaty with China. The Celestial Empire is to be opened to the trade of all nations. France and England are fully indemnified for the water—and last, but the greatest of all, the Christian religion is to be tolerated. No commercial news has yet been transmitted.

Interesting particulars concerning the yellow fever in New Orleans, are published in our news and telegraphic columns.

News of Cuban reports that a large number of the soldiers deserted after being paid in July. The Indians appear to be growing more hostile. They will have to be chastised.

The city was visited by a severe rain and wind storm yesterday, which is fully reported in another place.

The Memphis Taylor, with later California intelligence, has arrived at New York.

The local news columns of the Courier are replete with interest this morning.

Interesting Public Meeting.

There was a very large attendance of our citizens, last evening, at the city court room, called by a card signed by many of our prominent merchants and manufacturers. All classes were represented, and a greater degree of enthusiasm and interest than is generally manifested was exhibited.

Major Riley presided and Alderman Crawford officiated.

Rev. Richard Deering explained the object of the meeting, and in a clear, practicable and forcible manner, detailed the advantage of Louisville as a home, a manufacturing place and a commercial point. He spoke at some length concerning his proposed publication of the statistics of the city, and the means of thoroughly spreading throughout the South, the position and advantages of this place.

Hon. James Guthrie followed in an earnest and eloquent advocacy of the manufacturing interests of Louisville. He cordially endorsed Mr. Deering's publication.

A. T. Shortell, Esq., was called, and, although he said he had no speech in him, interested the audience exceedingly by his well timed and practical remarks.

Gov. Helm in obedience to a call, spoke for some time in his accustomed energetic manner. He was particularly earnest in behalf of the Memphis Branch Railroad. We have already urged our objections to any present subscription to the undertaking, conceding at the same time its great importance. With the large amount of Louis ville securities already in the market, it would hardly be proper, and not at all just to other corporations to issue other bonds. We shall, however, take occasion to refer to this important matter at some other time.

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RYME OF THE ROAD.

AT BAPPE.

Whistling by the fences,
Sounding by the trees,
Horses for a soul—
Going at their ease,
Drunken, as the dogs,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the road.

Here's a song a coming,
The road is bare,
No, the black has got him;
No, the bay's ahead!
Never a horse so foaming,
Like a harness-pair,
Hurrar, the black has beaten;
The black is in the air.

Man with coat—
Putting on the gait,
Hanging on the ribbons,
Gaiting like mad;
Haven't you seen me,
What are they to him—
It is bound to rush 'em,
It is bound to the tu.

Man, with coat—
Cousin Sittin' by his side—
Eyes are glarin' wildy—
With gaitin' wide,
"Oh! I can't talk—
I can hardly talk—
Gait for heaven's sake, sir,
I'm bound to the tu.

Groovin' in a carriage,
Welches a thousand pounds—
Thinks he's a trotter,
The carriage rounds;
Laxing back and pullin'
At a furious rate,
Gertin' a horse a goin'
At 80 gal.

Old gent from the country,
Going at a funeral gait,
Knows there'll be a squash up,
Just as the horses go—
Wonders at their hurry—
Thinks it's plain—
It is bound to the weather,
It is bound to rain.

Driving up to Jones',
Sponges the horse's mouth,
Takes off his saddle—
To gait against the drought,
Home again we're foofing,
Hurrar, the black has beaten,
We're taken down the road.

Whistling by the fences,
Splashing by the trees,
Horses for a soul—
Going at their ease,
Cutting down the flyers,
Drunken, as the dogs,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the road.

MAIDEN RESOLUTION.

Oh! I have a fellow—
Oh! a fellow I have seen;

Who is neither white nor yellow,
But a black, a black, a black;

He has told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees;

And a black, a black, a black,

Tumbled down upon his knee!

Then he name it isn't chargin',
For it only common "Bill,"

And he likes me to wed him,

But a black, a black, a black;

While the tears the creature wasted

Were enough to turn a mill,

And he likes me to wed him,

But a black, a black, a black;

Oh! he whisper'd of devotions—
Of devotion pure and deep;

But he seemed so very silly—
The black, the black, the black;

And he said it would be pleasant,

As we journey down the hill,

To gait against the weather,

But a black, a black, a black;

But I hardly think I will.

He was here last night to see me,
And made so long a stay,

I began to think the blacked

Was a black, a black, a black;

At the brat I learned to hate him,

And I know I hate him still—
34, 34, 34, 34, 34, 34,

But I hardly think I will.

I'm sure I'll choose him,
But the very deuce is in it;

For he says I'll refuse him,

The black, the black, the black;

Now this is very shocking,

For we are taught we mustn't kill,

So I'll choose him,

And I think I'll marry "Bill."

The following lines are taken from an English publication of more than a hundred years ago.

IN P.R.

"How like the tides
Of our rapturous love!"

From the right-hand margin of a silvery blushing maiden.

"The soft sobs from her lip,

And thine pure breath, sweet as breezes from Eden

The pleasure you feel

You can never reveal;

It becomes me to suppose,

You only, o sigh

While marvelling why

Bachelors will persist in remaining such aces

No, no, no, no, no, no,

No, no, no, no, no, no,

To the pleasure emotions our sense that scatter;

There's nothing I know

Except a soft glow of her beauty and virtue."

[Written expressly for the Louisville Courier.]

THE LUNATIC.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

CHAPTER VII.

At ten o'clock the following morning, my client called to say that my presence was alone required to commence the hearing of the case. I forthwith proceeded to accompany him to the court room. The hearing of the application for release under the writ was before our circuit court judge, a grave, patient man, of a warm, generous heart, and a clear, logical head.

We entered; the judge was in his seat, and a few bystanders had collected. I announced that we were ready to hear and defend. The judge ordered the sheriff to bring in the applicant for discharge from confinement. A pause of a moments, and the young attorney who appeared for the writ, announced, in a frightened voice, the party present and ready.

Meanwhile, I had more than once thought I heard sounds of old, familiar voices, but, seeing no one, supposed it some fancied similarity of voice of some one present, and the next moment it was forgotten, as I examined the room to see if everything was regular, and as it seemed to be, the law. Satisfied, I arose and walked to the lunatic. He sat with his head bowed down on his hands, and continued so for some time. I was in the act of walking away when a wooley piano was thrust up from behind the bar, and a voice I never could forget, cried, "De Lord come down! Oh, oh, oh-o-o! mars' Emmet! mars' Emmet!"

It was Charles. The poor fellow could say no more, but like regardless of the place and the occasion, he rolled over the bar that separated us, and laughing and crying by turns, lifted down in his arms, with tears streaming down his polished cheeks, and tears streaming out, "Oh, mars' Ben! mars' Ben!" as he went, bare in the triumph outside of the bar and into the "witness box," where sat the lunatic, Benedick Hampton!

"Great God!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "can this be possible, that this is my dear old friend of other days?"

At the sound of my voice, he started, then looked up at me with a sad, vacant stare that smote me to the heart. Had the lamp of the soul gone out, and godlike reason left to grope in darkness forever? A painful consciousness that my fears were, also! too true, shocked and unmanned me.

Charles, with the instinctive shrewdness of his race, perceived at once the impression his master's spathy had made on me, and half crazed him by the idea that I, too, should regard his master as a lunatic, utterly regardless of the sheriff's threats to expel him from the room, protested vehemently, that his master was as sound of mind as his honor, the judge.

"Ugh, o-o-o-o!" cried the distressed creature, "I conpletely 'dat' ter de Lord, mars' Emmet, dem folks is fool dasey. My mars' ain't no loonion, no sibley, dat he's just as good as me. Ma' Judd, dat's all ole dasey (pointing to say interesting client) dat's don't all. Oh! o-o-o, mars' Ben, just up 'er hea'd; dis is mars' Lawler. O-o-h, hea'fun ter hea'f."

Charles' outcry, and my own exclamations of surprise, had excited a scene of uproar and confusion that madly puzzled the court, and put at defiance the efforts of our good old sheriff to suppress. Nor was my unruly client silent or inactive. He made more than one demonstration at Charles, with the intention, doubtless, of putting his throat of the evening before into execution. Nor did Charles seem in the least inclined to defend my bant, but stood, with eyes aglare, and huge doubled fists, ready for the encounter, utterly defying him and ready to belabor him to his heart's content, if it came to blows.

"Oh, the devil you bone-headed rascal; just as I expected all along—but I'll pay you—"I'll pay you, or my name isn't Sammy Blake, be d—d to you!" yelled Samuel, now quite gone off the handle with rage.

"Silence!" shouted the sheriff; "silence, sir."

"Arrest that man, Mr. Sheriff," said the

judge, firmly. Nothing loth, the sheriff seized my client by the arm and held him like a vice.

"I have you, for contempt of court, one hundred dollars, sir, and if you disturb the court again, I shall send you to jail; and sir, if the fine is not paid at once, I shall order the sheriff to confine you there until you do pay it," said the judge, thoroughly aroused and angered by the unusual proceeding which had outraged the judicial dignity. Then turning to me again: "I have you, for contempt of court, and after answering a few questions from the judge, heard the decided storying him again to liberty; and after breaking the count as well as his nervous agitation would permit, took my arm, and I led him from the room. At the door I found Charles, and I was not slow for a while that he ought not to take his master's place in the hospital for vagrant souls and diseased brains, by reason of the extravagant demonstrations of joy in which he indulged.

"Whoop! diah now, das it? Oh! mars' Ben?" cried the delighted creature in an ecstasy at the success of his efforts for his master's liberation. We could not do otherwise than stop until Charles's first paroxysm had subsided; for he lifted both Hampton and himself, alternately, in his stalwart arms, as though we had been children, and embraced him with a strength as impressive as it was astonishingly mien and earnest. "There, Charles, that'll do now; your master's sick, and the quicker we get him to a place of rest, the better," I said to him.

"I 'ear on high, mars' Lawler, I feel de gossiness runnin' in me, an' swellin' e'nmier amost borst' in de perpendiculer complements ob de porousiousness ob de circulatin' tabernacle of dis poor heart; an' ol', Lord! it's like honey low down dis moun', an' better dan the banjo-clip ter de rosin heig' nigger, o' Chrisrus! Ol' de Lord come down, I'se glad!"

"I was near my crazed friend. Before I could answer the judge's question, he rose trembly to his feet, and with tears streaming down his poor, worn face, held out his arms to me, the most hope-abandoned object that ever touched my heart by its silent pathos and eloquence.

His despairing heart was too full for words. He flung his arms around my neck, and while convulsive throbs shook his frame, the strong man wept! His pride-humbled heart found relief in tears in the hour of the soul's extremest trials, and he was saved!

"I am not crazed! oh God! I am not crazed!" he cried with all the tenderness of agonized entreaty, while he clung close about my neck, and pressed me eagerly to his bosom. "Heaven has sent you, my friend, to strike down the fiend that had nearly thrust me over the outmost verge and fathoms of season's limits into the horrible night beyond; and to save me! I am saved; thank God, I am not crazed! I am not crazed!"

And now he held me a little way from him, and I saw a new light in the eyes of his soul.

"I am a fearful fear, and that day's been a fearful day; in truth, escaped man, most fearful fail and al-dysolving wreck; I led Hampton aside into the jump room recess, that in his intensely excited and nervous deranged condition, he might not be exposed to the rule stare of the crowd which had now collected in the hall, and pressed even inside the bar.

As I returned to the room, my client broke from the sheriff and rushed up to my side.

"His eyes were absolutely blood—shot, and foaming at the mouth, he gritted his teeth and clamped his ponderous jaws with heavy clamps against each other. Almost throttled by his ungovernable passion, he shook his fists at me and hoarsely roared:

"How dare, how dare, you palaver with that d—d scoundrel? Treason! treason! son-sure as h—l!"

"I refuse to defend for you, sir. I regard the whole proceeding, from the beginning, as iniquitous and illegal, and shall promptly lead my aid to prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law for the hand you have had in this transaction. Suspecting that foul play had been used in this matter, or wrong way to be done, I refused to commit myself to you as your attorney under all circumstances, and not to act for you at all. I found my suspicions verified. I came to you, sir! if I found you honest and sincere, to aid; if otherwise, to thwart you. I have lost my word to you and to the court, and I have no defense in answer to your application for this cause."

"Upon whose application has this person been brought before me?" asked the judge.

"On mine, sir," said the young attorney who had appeared in the court as Hampton's counsel.

Will Mr. Briefless inform the court of the facts before him in relation to this matter, and if he has proof for the court's notice?"

Briefless, overwhelmed with confusion, beckoned me to him, and in a hurried and disjointed undertone, stated to me the substance of what he knew, and asked advice. I told him to answer the court with the truth, and as briefly as possible, which he very reluctantly proceeded to do.

"I—I—please—if the honor—your court, will—will please—yes, sir; this, sir, that the sheriff's put out of court—came to my office, to question Charles, and I informed him, and I found him to be sir, sir, confined in the as—lum, and wanted me to get him out, so, and was, as I so often, sir, that I went with him at last, and saw him, as his real name, sir, as he and Mr. Lawler says; and he was, as far as I could see, straight enough, and distressed and broken spirit like. Please the court, I think he would have gone crazy, though, if he hadn't been brought out, sir, so, I found the black man's statements to be true; and the next begged and prayed so, sir, that I thought he would be crazy soon, and then I asked the application and had process issued, bringing Mr. S—s—Mr. H—s—Hampton, sir, who've examined him, and will say all right, and they're examined. That is about the whole statement, and I hope, the court, that my client may be discharged, and with your help, sir, I will get him out, so, and will ready the hotel, my favorite friend was breathing quick and laborious—tossing, raving, and dozing alternately, in the death-grip of that dreadful disease, brain fever."

The patient physician taxed his intuitions and bestowed the most unvaried attention upon his patient, but for many days death clutched the scale of chance, and held them balanced against him and life.

Warm hearts and ready hands stood around his bed, and through the weary hours of the night ministered to him with a brother's thoughtful care, patiently listening to his soul's tempestuous utterings, and with pitying eye and flushed lips saw his noble intellect straying in the meshes of disease, and gazed at the grief-pictures of his woeful heart, dimmed with the terrible splendor and vividness that man's immortal intellect but for once in a thousand years can attain.

Charles, called daily, while Hampton lay in his bed, to minister to him with a brother's love, to ask after his condition, and to comfort him, and to render him the last consolation of his life, and continued so for some time. I was in the act of walking away when a wooley piano was thrust up from behind the bar, and into the "witness box," where sat the lunatic, Benedick Hampton!

"Great God!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "can this be possible, that this is my dear old friend of other days?"

At the sound of my voice, he started, then looked up at me with a sad, vacant stare that smote me to the heart. Had the lamp of the soul gone out, and godlike reason left to grope in darkness forever? A painful consciousness that my fears were, also! too true, shocked and unmanned me.

Charles, with the instinctive shrewdness of his race, perceived at once the impression his master's spathy had made on me, and half crazed him by the idea that I, too, should regard his master as a lunatic, utterly regardless of the sheriff's threats to expel him from the room, protested vehemently, that his master was as sound of mind as his honor, the judge.

The court asked Blasie as he appeared there only as guardian or chairman of the committee of lunacy, it was not necessary for him to make further defense, unless satisfied of the confirmed alienation of mind of the party, and that it would be hurtful to his interest for him to be discharged; and that, if he had nothing further to offer why this party should not be confined, he would forthwith deliver the opinion of the court.

"I know him for a knavish rascal and a madman, and don't want him out, to be following me round and running into me constantly; that's what, I don't want judge. I am willing and able to pay all expense to keep him for the balance of his natural life, black him 1."

"Is that all, sir, that you have to offer why the applicant under the writ should not be discharged as a lunatic?" asked the judge.

"I'm no lawyer, Mr. Judge. I don't understand all this rigmarole (pointing to say interesting client) dat's don't all. Oh! o-o-o, mars' Ben, just up 'er hea'd; dis is mars' Lawler. O-o-h, hea'fun ter hea'f."

Charles' outcry, and my own exclamations of surprise, had excited a scene of uproar and confusion that madly puzzled the court, and put at defiance the efforts of our good old sheriff to suppress. Nor was my unruly client silent or inactive. He made more than one demonstration at Charles, with the intention, doubtless, of putting his throat of the evening before into execution. Nor did Charles seem in the least inclined to defend my bant, but stood, with eyes aglare, and huge doubled fists, ready for the encounter, utterly defying him and ready to belabor him to his heart's content, if it came to blows.

"Oh, the devil you bone-headed rascal; just as I expected all along—but I'll pay you—"I'll pay you, or my name isn't